THE EMERALD.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. XXXVII.

TO THE WANDERER.

Sir,

THE deference which is paid to public opinion by mankind in general, is forcible in its operation and universal in its extent. Few persons are so far removed from the affairs of social life as utterly to disregard it; and those few are considered rebels in the moral state, whom it is the duty of the community at large, if not to punish, at least to avoid. Yet notwithstanding this universal submission to the decisions of the world, nothing is more common than the errors in which such decisions are involved, and the absurdities with which they abound. Cicero says, "that time effaces the fictions of opinion and confirms the determinations of nature;" and sometimes indeed popular abuses *are* rectified in succeeding ages, though the chance is great, that in prescribing the remedy for one disease, the constitution may be weakened for the easy admission of more. Thus, at one period the French Roman-Catholics governed the state, in consequence of the prevailing superstition of all ranks to favour them; and religious truth was swallowed up in the multiplied forms and rituals of monkish idolatry. But the rectification of these evils, has produced others of more terrible aspect. The people, redeemed from the shackles of religious ceremonials, made the first use of their liberty to wander into the boundless wilderness of philosophic speculation; to loosen the restraints on their passions, and to resign the sceptre of reason to the dominion of fancy. Many wrong notions of things entertained by the world, have from time to time been exposed, and though century has followed century in the search for truth and the detection of error, we now can only discern some feeble glimmerings of light, which are just sufficient to conduct us through the gloom, and to render visible the darkness of our course.

The absurdities of opinion though often proved and derided, seldom weaken its force; for from whatever cause it may arise, whether founded in truth and justice, or vice and error, its influence in the world is not only "universally felt," but "universally acknowledged." Even a decided, individual opinion, has not that control over the actions of the person who entertains it, that any decision would have, if sanctioned by the practice of mankind; though the one should be preposterous, and the other should be consistent with reason.

The causes which bestow such efficacy, and confer such power on

the opinion of the world, it is perhaps both useless to seek, and hard to find. It is difficult to trace the composition of complex ideas back to their original formation.

Those sentiments which have the greatest weight of authority in the world, generally arise from the strongest passions drawn into constant operation. By the strongest passions are not meant those which are most violent, but those which are most lasting. Pride, in this sense, is one of the strongest sensations, of which the mind is susceptible. It is the most impartial passion, because no one is free from it; it is never vehement, for vehemence is transient, and pride is one of the most constant sentiments in the human breast; and is ever at hand to aid the force of opinion. Pride, united to selfishness, originates most of the opinions which circulate in the world, and notwithstanding their perversion of sense, if once they get mounted on the "sightless couriers" of credulous ignorance, they are diffused with the suddenness of light, though reason should rise in rebellion, and virtue exert all her energies to oppose them.

Those objects of pursuit, which have the sanction of opinion as the most to be desired, will be found on reflection, oftentimes to be replete with misery, disappointment, and vice. If science spreads her treasures upon the summit of her hill, the struggles of her votaries to obtain a share of them, involve them in mazes of inextricable disputes, or excite in the unsuccessful the bitterest asperities of envy. That persons, whose object should be the promotion of knowledge, should suffer the clouds of jealousy and discontent to overcast the serenity of intellectual gratification, for the vain expectation of obtaining the general acknowledgement of superior wisdom, is as surprising to reflect upon as it is common to observe. But the enchantments of opinion are sometimes so delusive, that those who are thought to be wise, are discovered to be foolish; and those, whose retiring modesty excites opinions to the prejudice of their understandings, in after ages will be found to have possessed that knowledge, which should insure respect, without that cringing, which obtains it.

Power has charms too enticing to be resisted by the ambitious; and opinion contributes to the delusion. The crimes of politics, the sacrifice of principle for the object to be gained; the meanness of flattery, the corruptions of intrigue, and the exertions of talents, may sometimes raise a man to the eminence he aspires after; but the sceptre of empire will too often change to a serpent in his hand.

Riches have an influence in the world, which is in part well founded; for without competency, life would be burthensome, and desire become tasteless. But that opinion which allows no satisfaction but in accumulating; no delights but in retaining wealth, is not only absurd in theory, but vicious in practice. The miser, in his fears and cares for his wealth, finds a perfect counterpoise for all the enjoyments of possession. Every wind blows destruction; and every approaching step foretells the happening of evil. No joy brightens his face, worn with perpetual toil, and prematurely furrowed by the anxieties of avarice.

The charms of beauty, soon fade; but opinion authorises their supremacy. Voluptuousness, frequently usurps the place of modesty; and debauchery preys upon the frame; admiration however, conducts the

frail one, by attentions and flattery, up the side of the mountain of delight, and then suddenly leaves her to fall into the deep of incurable disease, by the dizziness of the intoxication.

Perhaps it would be fruitless, to endeavor to oppose the general circulation of opinion, by obstinate departure from its dogmas; nothing weaker, than the rock, can resist the force of the current. Societies may effect something; but the labours of individuals will be in vain. Yet, I cannot but view the man with respect who having burst asunder the fetters of adamant, by which opinion chains his followers, exerted his force against him, and, in the words of an American poet,

"*Shook* opinion *from his marble throne,*
And independent brav'd the world alone."

HORATIO.

For the Emerald.

ORIGINAL CRITICISM.

MR. CHANNING'S ORATION.

To a copy of the Oration, delivered on the 4th of July, immemorial usage seems now to have given the public a title by prescription. That a professional gentleman should question a popular right, sanctioned by such a continuity of enjoyment, and by uninterrupted *possession*, as far as possession can be predicated of the subject, is to us indeed matter of wonder. The author well knows the importance of a harmony of precedents and the embarrassment occasioned by the necessity of consulting the last case. Where the law is not only settled, but well settled, no attempt should be made to shake it; "Stare decisis" should ever be the governing maxim. To make a question of expediency on such an occasion, and calculate whether more would not be lost by obeying than transgressing the law, is unprincipled and unmanly. Correctness would aim at obedience, whatever be the gain of transgression. Custom imperiously exacts the publication of these annual orations. Nor is it justice to former orators to say, it is

"*A custom more honored in the breach,*
Than in the observance."

The object of this mode of celebrating this great anniversary is not to set an APOLLO in the pulpit to flash upon the audience the mere brilliancy of wit, nor a MINERVA to give them the precept and example of eloquence; but a man of good sense and sound judgement to harangue them on the "feelings, manners, and principles" that gave birth to the proud prerogative of such a celebration. With substantial men, substance is the principal, & refinements of rhetoric and embellishments of oratory are considered as mere casual incidents. If a gentleman have marked his production with just discrimination and correct force of thought, little ought it concern him, whether it would stand the test of critical scrutiny or whether it would pass, like Daniel, through the flames unhurt. To be the object of respectable criticism is no trivial compliment. ZOILUS hurled a javelin in spite at the aerial castles of HOMER, and the best production of ADDISON was not impregnable to the criticism of BLAIR. After such able literary engineers have failed in the attempt to erect mud-ments of style, in which no breach could be effected, surely it ought to be no reason against raising another rampart, that it may tempt similar, successful exertions. We think the reasons suggested for not publishing at all would have done better as an apology for the imperfections of the publication itself. In giving this opinion, God forbid Mr. C should suspect us of the least tincture of the spirit of partizans. For truth's sake let not the shrine of the classics be polluted by the profanation of party. If, from literature and principle, we should ever sink into politics, he should soon find all that we say of him to be prejudice and presumption.

The law of custom, we have said, with respect to the submission of these orations to the press is well settled. They are delivered on a commanding occasion. The voice of a town calls for a disquisition on politics; on what gave life and glory by one revolution, and may prevent death and disgrace from another. They are rather to be considered discussions of principles, than

decorations of rhetoric. If uniformly published, they may be important funds for future historians. That such a production should be withheld from the press, because the author, from any reason, *however amiable or otherwise honorable*, had not been able to make it proof against criticism, or had been even obliged to leave it *extremely objectionable in point of style*, is to suffer a temporary, individual disadvantage to outweigh a permanent general good; is in some measure to sacrifice the object of the community in requesting an oration to the personal feelings of the orator. But when we see a production suppressed, which is *not* extremely objectionable in point of style, the argument strengthens.

This we believe is the first instance in this town where the oration has not been in print. It is therefore we have been thus prolix. Repetition of wrong sometimes constitutes right, and deviation, in time, may become uniformity. It is hoped this will be the only instance, the Alpha and Omega, the first and the last.

In attending its recent delivery several passages struck the ear as improper for adoption in a discourse on so dignified an occasion. The phrases "family connexion," "family pictures," are well enough all in the family, but will hardly answer for popular assemblies. The people will not be treated on the same familiar terms with babes at the fire side. To talk about "the murmurs of the woodland turtle" may be gentle enough for the tender ditties of TIBULLUS, but comes with ill grace from the *ore rotundo* of a popular declaimer. The frequent allusions to "I" were sufficient to have brought for the gentleman from across the Atlantic one of the blushing honors of the Lord High Chancellor of England, a letter patent for the title, Counsellor EGO. The use of the first person in a public speaker is extremely disgustful. The disgust is universal. Every one has vanity; but every one is conscious he has it without reason, and detests the sight of it in others.

One instance of mixed metaphor particularly attracted attention, and we could not be told, "that the *pillars* of liberty would *expire*" without thinking of *wooden* groans.

The examples of careless tautology were too frequent and glaring to be overlooked by the slightest glance of the intellectual optics. The disquisition on the preamble to the statute of tribute, stating that the money was to be appropriated "*towards*" a certain object; and therefore implying that still *more was to come*, was undoubtedly just, but partook too much of the nicety of verbal criticism to be generally understood on delivery. It would have done better as an argument of construction in a court of law, than as a popular catchword on a political anniversary. Calling our annual celebrations of independence "the SATURNALIA of America," was we think neither happy nor judicious. Not happy because few present could be presumed to take the allusion. Not judicious, since the *Saturnalia* were principally marked, as may be made manifest from reference to HORACE, ADAMS, or KENNETT, for days in the Kalends of January, when masters waited at their table on slaves. But the difference is, that we have *no* slaves in New England.

The elaborate antitheses, introduced by the orator, were generally fortunate. But this is a figure that dazzles; and constant coruscation soon overpowers the eye. The flight of lightning is too rapid for vision to follow; and the flash of anithesis zig-zags so instantly from one side to the other, that the mind's eye contemplates it with pain. It flies quicker than thought. When long continued, this figure is particularly objectionable. With regret we must add, it was here completely run down.

The principles of Mr. C. were correct throughout. The animadversions on the non-importation act, were spirited and appropriate, however seemingly discordant with those "feelings and principles," which by a non-importation resolution with respect to the article, tea, gave birth to a nation. We regret that from individual delicacy these should be lost to the public. The style was in general pure, chaste, and correct; but it wanted that nerve, which should ever characterize these compositions. It was better adapted to the familiar intercourse of epistolary correspondence, than the proud tones of a manly orator. It was indeed too replete with classic allusions, and censurable for the number of different allu-

sions to the same object. "The club of Hercules" is not the talisman of the orator, in how many various lights and shades soever he may be pleased to wield it. We have been tempted to this desultory examination from memory of a production, which exists only in memory and manuscript, that some idea may be formed by many, of what could have been heard only by few. We may have *extenuated nothing*, but have set down naught in malice. We may indeed have misquoted; but as we cannot be convicted of this without producing the oration itself, we rest safe on this head. Should it be produced and its production strike this conviction, still we shall be happy in having sacrificed ourselves to the gratification of the public. MINERVA may be the gentleman's household god and rather a scrupulous deity. Should this propitiatory offering prove to be accepted and find favor in the sight of this head of the Penates, to the giving up the papers under his charge, the object gained would amply compensate the loss of the victim. Mr. C. would certainly acquire reputation from submitting his production to the press "with all its imperfections on its head." It has many brilliant passages. These should not be forever unknown, because once unheard.

LEON.

Boston, July 10, 1806.

FOR THE EMERALD.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE is the bond of society, and therefore the most important object of the politician's investigation. Love, the most violent of passions, finds here its reward; and as that love only can insure permanent peace and honour the human heart, which is controled by virtue, all men of sense look up to that condition as "the perpetual fountain of domestic sweets."

Whoever considers the influence of the sex upon our manners, the irresistible force of the passion they inspire, will confess that the heart is capable of being mended and the conduct reformed by a connexion with an amiable woman. The way she points, will be implicitly followed, for there is no judgment so strong and no reason so conclusive as the importunity of a beloved woman. When therefore the benevolence and virtuous qualifications of a wife are excited in the endearing avocations of tenderness, care, attention, friendship, he must be a disgrace to his species, and unworthy of participating in these accomplishments, who should refuse to be biassed to good actions, or conciliated to virtuous principles. I grant it is truly deplorable that such power over men is frequently abused by some women. Every Xantippe has not a Socrates to draw lessons of patience from the impetuosity of a virago, and hence conjugal recrimination is often a cause of ridicule with the sons of wit and levity, who are severe in raillery on the married, and equally unjust in their sarcasms on wedlock. Socrates, however, notwithstanding his ill luck in marriage, was yet unprejudiced, for in a discourse concerning love, he inforced his doctrines with such address that every batchelor in his audience is reported to have formed the resolution of marrying, and every married man immediately went home to his wife.

Marriage is an institution formed for the most perfect delight. It awakens every sense and calls forth every virtue; it inspires cheerfulness, corrects immodesty and improves joy. It doubles every pleasure, because participated, it divides every affliction by voluntary sympathy. It holds up prudence to our observation, and recommends immorality to our contempt. It tells us to plant sincerity, and promises satisfaction for the fruit. By reflecting on the important relation we bear to children and wife, we are inducted to the practice of honor. By a consciousness of their interest and happiness in our reputation, we are content with mediocrity, abhorring the means of increasing a fortune at the expence of our good name, and their consequent degradation. By the acquisition or perfecting of honorable sensations and ideas, occasioned by our new appellations of *husband* and *father*, we are *restrained from the commission of crimes*.

If a man be not happy in his own house, where shall he look for happiness? It is the proper theatre of a woman's glory, it is the just bounds of a man's felicity. He may indeed, wander in a fruitless search of extraordinary bliss, but the sole of his foot like

that of Noah's dove, will find no rest until returned to the ark of domestic tranquillity. The peace he enjoys at home, entitles him to respect abroad, gives joy to his conversations, and adds vigour to his friendships. It is this, also, which consoles in calamity, and plucks out the arrow of ill natured censure. Happy the man who with cool, determined indifference, can withdraw from the world's applause, and the world's envy, meeting in the smiles of a wife, gratification which the former cannot abate by its subtilty, nor the latter embitter by its venom.

Need I reverse the subject and show the disorders, the horrors of licentious love....I forbear. It is sufficient that I hint that rapine, and murder are among its evils, and that virtuous affection is the parent of prudence and the nurse of innocence.

The way to secure conjugal love is to deserve it. Reciprocal attention will induce constant contentment; tenderness, itself a virtue, encourage its sister virtues, and "*Love be*" literally "*the fulfilling of the law.*"

LEANDER.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS

And Original Remarks.

Lord Clarendon's style is pronounced by Dr. Johnson "to be the effusions of a mind crowded with ideas, and desirous of imparting them; and therefore always accumulating words, and involving one clause and sentence in another."

There is in his negligence a rude and inartificial majesty, which, without the nicety of laboured elegance, swells the mind by its plenitude and diffusion.—His narrative is not, perhaps, sufficiently rapid, being stopped too frequently by particularities; which, though they might strike the author, who was present at the transactions, will not equally detain the attention of posterity; but his ignorance, or carelessness, of the art of writing are amply compensated by his knowledge of nature and of policy, by the wisdom of his maxims, the justness of his reasonings, and strength of his characters.

Of Bulstrode Whitelock, the memorialist, Clarendon gives the following character. "Whitelock was a man of eminent parts and great learning out of his profession, and singular reputation in it: if he swerved from his allegiance, it was with less rancour and malice than other men; he never led but followed, and was rather carried away with the torrent than swam with the stream."

The following lines by Beaumont and Fletcher, are descriptive of the state of melancholy; and possess a quaintness, quite original.

"Folded arms, and fixed eyes;
A sigh, that piercing mortifies:
A look that's fasten'd to the ground;
A tongue chain'd up without a sound;
Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale Passion loves
Moon-light walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls."

A coincidence of idea, appears by comparing the following lines of Sir William Davenant's with a stanza in the Duenna of Mr. Sheridan.

The lark now leaves his wat'ry nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings;
He takes this window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings,
Awake, awake the morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are
Who look for day, before his mistress wakes.
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn,
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

The breath of morn bids hence the night;
Unveil those beauteous eyes, my fair:
For till the dawn of love be there,
I feel no day—I own no light.

DUENNA.

The affectation of dressing ill subjects one to numerous inconveniences; besides the impropriety of departing from the laws and expectations of society. "An American colonel, who had

spent most of his life among the Indians, used to go habited like one; one day in the Coffee-house, in New-York, he was rather refractory on some occasion, when a gentleman turned him out of the room; "Sir, (says the Colonel) I am a gentleman." "Then *dress* like one," says the other, turning on his heel and walked in.

Sir John Hawkins in his life of Doctor Johnson, was little inclined to panegyric. On the contrary he treats the most eminent men in the kingdom with a severity equally unjustifiable, and undescerning. On the article of *debates*, he says;

"With great judgement does Johnson adopt the unrestrained oratory of the other house, and with equal facility imitate the deep-mouthed rancour of Pultney and the *yelping pertinacity* of Pitt."

The beauty of the succeeding lines by Doctor *South*, on a lady walking in the snow, is remarkably striking; and the conceit, partakes both of poetry and gallantry.

I SAW fair CHLORIS walk alone,
When feather'd rain came gently down;
And * Jove descended from his tow'r,
To court her in a silver show'r.
The wanton snow flew to her breasts,
Like little birds into their nests:
But, being o'ercome by whiteness there
With grief dissolv'd into a tear;
And, trickling down her garments hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

The poetry of Parnell, possesses a neatness, and quaintness of expression, equally removed from high sublimity and low vulgarity; but it is always so pleasing as to repay for the second perusal. The arrows of the god of love, he supposes to be differently feathered, according to the characters of the different objects of his archery.

And ev'ry dart can boast a kind,
Which suits each proper turn of mind,
From the tow'ring eagle's plume
The gen'rous hearts accept their doom.
Shot by the peacock's painted eye
The vain and airy lovers die.
For careful dames and frugal men
The shafts are speckled by the hen.
The pyes and parrot deck the darts
When prattling wins the panting hearts
When from the voice the passions spring,
The warbling finch affords a wing:
Together, by the sparrow stung,
Down fall the wanton and the young;
And fledg'd by geese the weapons fly,
When others love they know not why.

* *Alluding to the story of* Danae.

It is said of the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, that he was not in the habit of paying his bills without much following and importunity: nor then, if any chance appeared of wearying out the patience of his creditors.

A paviour after long and fruitless attempts, caught him just getting out of his chariot at his own door in Bloomsbury square, and set upon him. "Why you rascal, said the Doctor, do you pretend to be paid for such a piece of work? Why you have spoiled my pavement and then covered it over with earth to hide your bad work." Doctor, said the paviour, *mine* is not the only bad work that the earth hides. "You dog you," said the Doctor, "are you a *wit?* well you must be *poor*, come in?" The man was paid.

Modern Epigram.

Lo! Surrey's Lord *that* chapel quits
Where priests dull masses chaunt,
And in *St. Stephen's* Chapel sits,
A zealous protestant.

But since call'd up, by fates decree,
The Upper-house to enter
A further reformation see!
His grace becomes *dissenter*.

Some one says prettily enough, "it is no evidence of a man's *understanding* that he is capable of *discovering* the errors of another; or of his *humanity*, that he is capable of *exposing* them"

A *Mr. Foster Webb*, who contributed some time ago to the amusement of the English public, by various enigmas, was beautifully dissuaded from his pursuit, by the following lines, which were written by a friend.

Too modest bard, with enigmatic veil
No longer let thy muse her charms conceal, [disguise,
Though oft the sun in clouds his face
Still he looks nobler when he gilds the skies,
Do thou, like him avow the native flame,
Burst through *the gloom*, and brighten into fame.

For the Emerald.

Numerous have lately been the scenes of amusement, for the citizens of Boston. The Panorama of the Battle of Alexandria; two Dromedaries; The Poulican, alias a shaved bear; the Turkisian Ambassador, and a quarrel of Physicians.

Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

The weapons of warfare used by the combatants respecting the *vaccine virus*, are neither so keen as the *lancet*, nor so penetrating as the *probe*; they are handled without the nicety of skill, and lacerate the subject, without searching the wound. The antagonists are evidently "enrag'd with war," but their swords are rusty; being "worn with war's disuse," they had neglected to brighten them before the fight began, otherwise we should not see expressions of abuse and virulence escape from the pen of Dr. Waterhouse, or any "member of the Medical Society," which are cousin-germans to the slang of St. Giles'. Junius said to Sir William Draper, "An academical education has given you unlimited command over the most beautiful figures of speech. Masks, hatchets, racks and vipers dance through your letters in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion." Of these gentlemen it may be said, that they have abundance of "metaphorical confusion, dancing unmasked in mazes through their letters," and though no "hatchet" has been used, and no "viper" has bitten them, there evidently appears to have been venom instilled somewhere, sufficient indeed to put their genius to the "rack."

K.

Mungo Park.—We are sorry to communicate to our readers, the death of this enterprising and indefatigable traveller, whose researches in Africa have been read with so much avidity, and have afforded so much instruction. He had been amply supplied by the British government with every thing necessary to render his second tour through the interior of that country, of the highest benefit to mankind. He arrived at Goree, in a British ship of war in the month of March, 1805; from which he ascended the river Gambia, with about forty attendants, provided with portable canoes, and every thing necessary to render their travels easy and speedy—they had penetrated about 1500 miles into the interior, to a place called Sego, which Mr. Park has described in his former Book of Travels.—The number of his attendants had been reduced by sickness and death to three, exclusive of himself;—the King of this place, after carrying him into every part of the city, which is walled in and considered the largest in Africa, and shewing him every curiosity which it afforded, had cruelly and brutally murdered him, together with his attendants. This intelligence is furnished us by a gentleman recently from the Rio Pongus, who received the information from traders from the interior country, and on whom reliance might be placed. *Charleston Courier.*

LITERARY NOTICES.

Translated for the Emerald, from the French Journals.

A learned Italian, Mr. J. C. Galecini Napione, member of the Imperial Academy, at Turin, has lately published a Dissertation, in Italian, upon the native country of *Christopher Columbus*. The result of his researches is, that this celebrated navigator was born, not at Genoa, as is generally believed, but in a little town of the province of Liguria, of which Genoa was the capital, but the name of which is not positively known; that he originated at Montserrat; that his parents were of Cuccaro, a little village of Piedmont, and that consequently Montserrat is the native country of this great man, notwithstanding he first saw the light in another part of Italy. Thus Florence is regarded as the country of Petrarch, though he was really born at Arezzo, and of Boccace, notwithstanding he came into the world at Paris. *Mercure de France.*

M. Collin d'Harleville has just published a collection of his works in 4 vols. 8vo. The three first contain his dramatic writings; and the last his fugitive pieces. *Ibid.*

A subsequent number of the *Mercure* announces the death of M. d'Harlville, after a languishing illness. "His obsequies were performed on Wednesday morning. The presidents of the four classes of the Institute bore the pall. In consequence of the absence of M.

Suard, perpetual secretary of the Academy, M. Andrieux pronounced in accents of the most lively grief, an address in which he recalled in a few words, the rare talents, and the still more rare virtues of his friend. He closed with these affecting words: "O my friend, faithful companion of my life, where are now our common labors, our peaceful amusements, our much loved readings, and our solitary conversations? I have lost all.—Listen to the last adieus of thy relations, of thy associates and thy friends, expressed by a voice which was dear to thee! Repose peacefully in this last asylum, which must one day ingulph fortunes, and ambitions, and brilliant projects, and protracted hopes: thou hast at least marked thy passage through this earth, and there remains of thee, that which even death respects, the name and the works of a poet, and the remembrance of thy virtues which thy literary glory shall protect and perpetuate in the memory of men."

Mercure, for March.

From the Monthly Magazine.

Mr. Carr, who has already favored the world with his Stranger in France, and with his Travels round the Baltic, has lately made *the Tour of Ireland*, and is now preparing an Account of that almost unknown country, which he intends to publish under the title of THE STRANGER IN IRELAND. The work will make one elegant volume, quarto, similar to *the Northern Summer*, and will be embellished with a variety of engravings by Medland from drawings by Mr. Carr.

Mr. Nicholson has invented a secret lock of more than six thousand combinations: it possesses the following requisites: 1. That certain parts of the lock are variable in position through a great number of combinations, only one of which will allow the lock to be opened or shut. 2. This last combination is variable at the pleasure of the possessor. 3. It is not possible, after the lock is closed and the combination disturbed, for any one, not even the maker himself, to discover by any examination what may be the proper situation of the parts required to open it. 4. Trials of this nature will not injure the work. 5. It requires no key; and, 6. It is as easily opened in the dark as in the light. This lock consists of four wheels, and by adding a fifth, the combinations would be increased to nearly sixty thousand.

M. Klaproth, a short time before his death, discovered that the solution of the metallic oxydes in alkalies are as easily precipitated in their metallic state, by the other metals soluble in the same alkalies, as the acid solutions of these metals are by phosphorus. He has made a very ingenious application of this process to the analysis of tin ores. In the operation, tungstein is separated from tungstate of ammonia, by the addition of zinc, in the form of black flakes.

M. Lartigue has at length completed a large and beautiful map of America in relief. The mountains, islands, and the tints of the sea, are all exhibited in a manner most capable of interesting those who make geography their study.

A society is established at Petersburg, under the name of Museum Alexandrinum, for the purpose of making a collection of works of art of all kinds, and to combine with it a collection of the best scientific works and journals.

Domestic Literary Intelligence.

Mr. CARPENTER, of Charleston, (S. C.) the well known editor of the *Monthly Register*, proposes to publish by subscription, his "*Miscellaneous Works.*" We trust that public patronage will be largely bestowed on these writings, the merit of which cannot be doubted by those who have had an opportunity of appreciating the talents of their author.

Messrs. Thomas and Thomas of Walpole, N. H. are about publishing a collection of sermons which were published under the name of Taylor, but are known to be the productions of the celebrated Dr. Johnson, a circumstance which cannot fail to secure them an extensive sale.

Messrs. Munroe and Francis of this town have just published the 5th and 6th numbers of Madoc, which complete the first volume.

The selections for the Emerald "on the dramatic powers of Shakespeare and Johnson" cannot be admitted; to the author may well be applied that line of his poetry, where he mentions the "the stammering of melody."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE CHOICE.

A RHAPSODY.

"Since nothing is the poet's theme,
"Then let me act my high right barter;
"All bards have leave to write what wanted,
"Though few ever found their wishes granted.
"Extensive field where poets pride them,
"By singing all that is denied them."

SHENSTONE.

One custom (which is always law,
To keep poetic folks in awe,)
And which the poet always uses
"T' invoke Apollo, or the muses."
If then this custom I should pass;
All poetry is turn'd to farce;
This from religious motives sprung,
Unless inspir'd no poet sung;
For this was deem'd a good specific,
To make the barren brain prolific.

The poet (as a man doth choose
A wife) to help him, takes a muse.
The wretched husband ever pays
For all his wife's eccentric ways.
She gets off clear—he has the blame,
And bears the load of evil fame:
Thus if a critic searches round,
And sins in poetry are found,
It brings the wretched bard to ruin,
Altho' it is the muse's doing.

What mortal ever took a peep in
Th' assembly call'd a Quaker-meeting?
Here ev'ry thing so neat and plain!
Here solemn silence seems to reign!
'Till some one of the congregation,
At Holy Spirit's instigation
Starts up (tho' he himself wants teaching)
A minister, and falls to preaching:
An orthodox divine—though once
He possibly might be a dunce;
Yet such the powers of inspiration,
He teaches all the congregation.
What a full proof that he's inspir'd,
Who's with such glowing raptures fir'd!
The *Quaker*, and the *bard* alike,
At hallowed inspiration strike.
Do Quakers or do poets fear
The envious world, or critic's sneer,
Or do they dread the satire's scourge
That either should credentials forge?
Apollo! if it is thy will
That I should share some little skill
In thy divine, celestial art,
To raise the mind and cheer the heart,
No!—inspiration's but to dream,
To lengthen, or begin the theme,
I pray, Apollo, you'd allow
The laurel to entwine my brow.

What is this wreath! that ev'ry swain
Should with such ardour strive to gain?
This crown for which so many run,
By which so many are undone!
The object of our toil and care,
That all pursue, and few must wear.
As Spenser (in Eliza's reign
He dragg'd this tedious life of pain)
Pursued with grief his *Fairy* theme,
He swell'd with tears fair Mulla's stream.
Oh, Churchill! from thy grave arise—
Or else descending from the skies,
Is not the *Famine* which you feign,
On Scottish barren cliffs to reign
The goddess—say, thou doleful elf,
The real picture of thyself?
Unhappy Gay! thou know'st at last,
A poet's "*life is but a jest*;"
"A hare" which o'er the mazy grounds
Pursu'd—soon falls a prey to hounds.
You sunk beneath your cruel fate,
For *Queensb'ry's* friendship came too late.
Otway, the world with grief we see
A rough *Friend* prov'd to thee.
Thou, a poor *Orphan*, by whose means,
Actors liv'd by thy labour'd scenes,
And yet these labour'd scenes, poor sinner,
Could hardly purchase thee a dinner.
Thus poetry beyond a doubt
Won't yield, until you starve it out.
Dryden, could not thy wit secure
Thee bread, when thou wast old & poor?
Could not thy varying genius keep
One friend until thou fell'st asleep?
No! when thou ask'd for bread, they gave
For sumptuous cates—a sumptuous grave!
How great the Christian patron shone,
Instead of bread to give a stone!
But Chatterton and Hudibras
'Tis best for pity's sake to pass!
True genius, oft thro' want has di'd,
While the vain, senseless sons of pride
May live licentious as they please,
Wrapt up in luxury and ease,
As great, forsooth, as lord or king,
"It makes me angry when I sing,"
Too true it is—Alas! for hard
I ween's the case of many a bard,
What tho' his genius is applauded,
If genius must go unrewarded.

I now and then would sweep the lyre,
Inspir'd by thy benignant fire!
And one of fancy's cheats, beside
I think in this they're both bely'd.—

Fond boy! take, take thyself away,
Think what the cens'ring world will say!
Are you so hardy yet to err?
Can't these examples then deter
You from the bold, the daring chase,
Of rhyming and poetic grace?
'Tis strange that folks should still be doing [ruin!
Those things which work their certain
For human-nature's such—there's none
Will stick by any friend undone.
When poverty besets thy house,
And robs thy pokes of every sousc,
What herds of constables will sally,
To press thee for the standfast galley!

Apollo! give me store or pelf,
Or keep your genius to yourself.
If any mortal bard desires
To be enfranchis'd by his fires,
You teach him—that is—if you please,
To write with freedom, grace, and ease,
And give him store of jingling rhyme,
Idea—sentiment sublime.
(Methinks 'twould shew a deal more sense,
To give him store of jingling pence.)
But poverty's entail'd however
On him, and on his heirs forever.

Well, poverty is your undoer,
As once, I think, I said before.
And tho' a genius lugg'd to jail,
And friends at such a crisis fail.
(There now you live, or right or wrong,
And pay your garnish with a song.)
Genius and you (vain youth to think,
When you were driving on the brink
Of ruin and destruction fell,
Going the nearest rout to hell,
That common friends would ever use,
The means to save the dying muse?
What person would in all the city,
Much less his friendship give thee pity?)
Genius and you are sent to jail,
For Hartshorn never takes such bail.
Thus sense and genius cannot awe
The awful arbiters of law.
Fell Poverty! what horrid curse,
Level'd at poets can be worse
The sure concomitant of verse!
A *poet rich!* the thing to dream,
Is solecism in extreme.
To starve a genius—I've no notion,
Apollo, I withdraw the motion.

POLLIO.

To be continued.

For the Emerald.

SYMPATHY.

CHILD of virtue and compassion,
Thee I grateful homage pay,
Listen to my invocation,
Fire my soul, direct my lay;
Glowing cheeks and flowing tresses
Shine refulgent as the morn;
Soothing arts and mild caresses
Mark the soul which they adorn.
When thou hear'st the mournful ditty
Of the fatal sons of grief;
Let pellucid drops of pity,
From thine eyes inspire relief.—
When thou see'st man's reputation
Poison'd by detraction's dart;
Deign to bring him consolation,
Feel his woes and bear a part.
When the child of dissipation,
Is by vices led astray;
Instigated by compassion,
Point to virtue as the way.
Hail, fair Goddess! I adore thee,
Sympathy, I call thy name;
All shall pay their vows before thee,
All shall celebrate thy fame, [dor,
Like the Sun which bursts its splen-
From the mist envelop'd sky,
Like the zephyrs soft and tender,
Causing hazy clouds to fly;
Thou can'st from a mind dejected
Drive the mists of care away;
By thy soothing art protected,
Virtue will its leaves display.
Let thy altars be regarded,
Let thy flame of pity shine,
Vice from thee shall be discarded,
Virtue, be forever thine.
Let thy honours be admired, [prove;
Heaven born peace, thy hand-maid
And whene'er thou art required,
Soften pity into *love*.

ORVILLE.

For the Emerald.

SONG.

WHEN Phœbus from the gates of day,
Directs his flaming car
Vapours in vain obstruct his way,
And wage rebellious war.
He mounts sublime dispelling night,
And beams afar his sacred light.

When lowing clouds of care oppress,
Bright Reason's eye to blind,
'Tis thus superior to distress,
Appears the noble mind.
Ah! blest who knows when care is near,
The happy art to persevere.

AMARANTHUS.

For the Emerald.

SONG.

From her soft nest the plover tries
To lure the wanton boy;
Now here she sings, now there she flies,
His footsteps to decoy.

Deluded from the secret place
By her deceptious art,
The little thief is from the chase,
Compel'd at length to part.

Then soon she sees her love appear,
On rapid pinions borne,
And hails in liquid notes sincere,
Her constant mate's return.

To him, with pleasure speaking eyes,
She tells her cunning tale,
And daily finds new joys arise,
Where truth and art prevail,

AMARANTHUS.

For the Emerald.

SONG.

Drive the tyrant Discord hence,
Let his curst dominion cease,
Fill the bowl and show your sense,
By your love of wine and peace.
What have we to do with strife?
Mirth's the business of our life.

Let the world their hearts perplex,
We abhor its rigid rules,
Toil and trouble well may vex
All the herd of busy fools.
We avoid their idle strife,
Mirth's the business of our life.

Warming every social soul,
Friendship shall her vows employ,
To supply the sparkling bowl,
From the fount of love and joy.
Proving to the sons of strife,
Mirth's the business of our life.

AMARANTHUS.

For the Emerald.

EPIGRAM.

On a Justice of the Peace.

Do you ask why painters so commonly
mind, [blind?
To draw madam Justice all muffled and
I'll tell you right.
So many bad men are deck'd out with
her *name*,
That could she but *see* this disgrace to
her fame,
She 'd die of spight.

W. B.

For the Emerald.

SONNET TO ****.

O thou! from whom in many a varied
ray
Celestial Virtue condescends to shoot:
In whom all arts of handicraft take root,
Thou who canst dance, draw teeth, and
paint and pray:
A godly saint or Cebiesco gay:
All trades thy parti-colour'd genius suit,
To puff the chemic fire & puff the flute,
Thou, millepede of science, hear my lay,
(For sure dame Nature when she form'd
thy clay,
Her shreds and clippings in thy carcase
thrust,
And gave thee, ****, her various works
to scan:)
O multifarious, fag-end genius say
How mean, how high, how abject, how
august,
How shallow and how complicate is
man!

FLORIO

For the Emerald.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

Imitated from Prior.

"*Many a true word spoke in jest.*"

Thus to his love a Frenchman cries
Who had a mind to moralize,
How frail is man, how *dim his eyes*;
This truth my dear *I plainly see*,
That all mankind *short sighted be*.
"Dim are our *eyes*" (says she,) alas
(For one of her's was made of glass)
"We are all *blind*"--scarce had spoke it
But down she dropt the *eye* and broke it.

PHILOS.

For the Emerald.

SONG.

How pale the hopes of lovers are
Like clouds that skirt the morning
skies,
And tho' inconstant as they're fair,
We still the soft delusion prize.

So fair, so fickle do they prove,
They vanish at ascending day,
Such are the hopes, the views of love,
So soon the prospect fades away.

AMARANTHUS

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